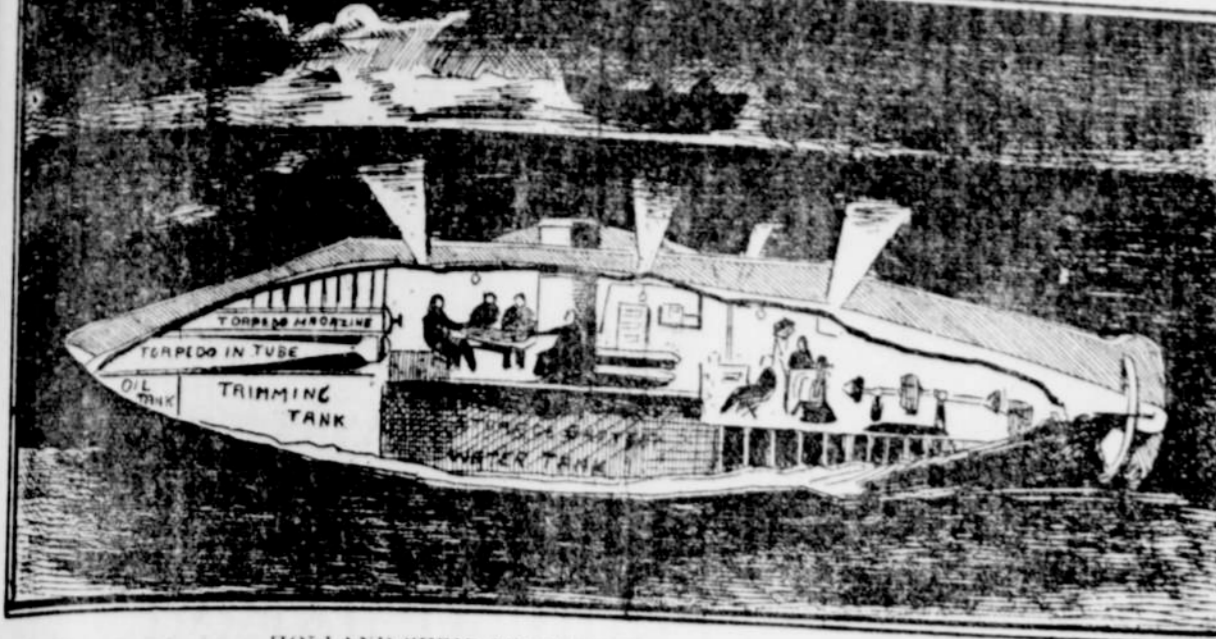


**TORPEDO BOAT, FULTON, REMAINS UNDER WATER FOR A PERIOD OF FIFTEEN HOURS.**



**HOLLAND SUBMARINE BOAT AS IT APPEARS UNDER WATER.**

ONE of the most remarkable tests in the history of the United States navy was successfully made in Long Island Sound recently. For fifteen hours the Holland submarine boat, Fulton, lay on the bottom of the sea with at least eight feet of water washing over her decks. Within the steel shell were eight men, including Rear Admiral John Lowe and Captain Frank T. Cable. The men suffered no inconvenience whatever. They slept, ate, read and played cards. They knew nothing of a fierce storm which was raging over them, wrecking vessels and destroying property.

**A FAMILY MATTER**

She sawed a bit on my coat, I watched the fingers nibble; Sometimes I held her spool of thread, And sometimes held her thimble, 'I'm glad to do it, since you're far From sister and from mother, 'Tis such a thing,' she said, and smiled, 'As I'd do for my brother.'

To one of these fancies he had readily yielded; each evening both sat where they might be in silence for a little time and let their thoughts go out freely to each other. "Soul talks," Dorothy called them; and whatever they were, the result was that his love for the girl grew more tender, and he knew that in some subtle manner he was coming to understand her better and better each day. These times had been inexpressible dear to him of late; they were his moments of absolute rest from the worry of the strike, and he always felt his brain refreshed, and afterward was better able to cope with his growing difficulties.

**Forty-six Minutes with Death**

**T**HE strike at the "Foundry," starting from comparatively small grievances, had—thanks to the influence of a few of the leaders—reached a state where satisfactory settlement seemed impossible. The men had expected to be out a week, or ten days at the most, but nearly two months had elapsed, and their position was almost desperate. Several deputations had waited on old Mr. Vice, the proprietor, but had been invariably referred back to the manager, with the understanding that he had full authority to deal with them.



**HE STROVE TO SHAKE HIMSELF.**

of intelligent sympathies, from the first had been willing, even eager, to discuss the men's grievances and help them to an understanding. But when he found that the leaders, to whom the men had entrusted their cause, not only were disposed to take advantage of his justice, but were seeking their own ends, at the expense of the men, he suddenly changed his attitude and refused to listen to any proposals other than absolute surrender. He gave the three leaders to understand in the plainest language that under no consideration would he tolerate their presence in the shops again.

The pulse of the strike was growing feverish, and night after night Shotwell had slept at the office, fearing some kind of an attack on the premises. By the end of the week worry and lack of sleep had told heavily upon him, and as he sat smoking in the mysterious shadows he determined that this must be his last night alone; he would get a watchman to aid him. His thoughts grew vague and mixed; his pipe fell to the floor and made him jump, then his eyes closed for a moment, opened slightly, dropped again and he was fast asleep.

With a start and a fearful sense of oppression he awoke, struggling wildly in his chair—tried to cry out, and realized that he was tied down. A cloth was wound tightly over his mouth, while the room was filled with a subtle, sickly odor of chloroform. He heard a snoring laugh behind his chair, and—"Well, yer took a purty good nap that time, didn't yer?" There was an answering growl from another throat, and the two men came round in front, both muffled in heavy coats, and pieces of cloth covering the upper half of their faces.

One of them carried a small black box somewhat gingerly to the desk and set it down in front of Shotwell. He turned a little brass key in it and hidden machinery began to tick-tack, tick-tack, like a clock. He twisted the box around and Shotwell saw a small dial, with the hands pointing to 9:50 o'clock. One of the men attached one end of a string to a lever on the box, and with the greatest precaution tied the other end to Arthur's left wrist. Now, see here, Mr. Shotwell, yer've got just forty-six minutes, and then that thing goes off, and God have mercy on your soul. If ye should want the thing to go quicker just struggle hard, and if ye manage to pull either of them strings, well, I guess I'll oblige ye."

**HOLD MOCK TRIALS.**

**A NOVEL ENTERTAINMENT FOR CLUBS AND SOCIETY.**

Legal Proceedings Gives Opportunity for Dramatic Display—Culture Club Holds Divorce Case Unrestrained by Statute.

Seekers after novel entertainment for winter evenings have caught upon the mock trial, which is consequently doing its utmost to popular favor. Fortunately the trial adapts itself to any company and may be just as amusing or just as educational as its managers care to make it. It gives opportunity for a play of wit which livens the monotony of the regulation court proceeding and it gives plenty of room for each personal touch as well as to the entertainment of an audience composed of friends of the players. Moreover, as a large part of the company can be subpoenaed for the trial the interest will be most undying. From the impugning of the jury to the final verdict the audience will receive enthusiastically every stage of the trial's procedure.

A ridiculous charge is brought against a member of the party; often this is a club member. A young lawyer or law student is chosen for judge, as he can at the same time direct the conduct of the trial. The greatest care is taken to have everything in strict accordance with the legal custom and the slightest deviation from the regular order of trial is zealously guarded against. The lawyers appear with a burden of dignified leather-bound volumes, which they consult frequently and with ridiculous effect. The dignity of the judge is boldly overthrown and his peremptory rulings intensified until the figure becomes a laughable caricature. Printed for the occasion, the questions and answers of the lawyers and their witness—

Her soul, for her body fell asleep. Then she, too, woke with a start—a start of perplexity and fear; for Arthur—what was it? She passed her hand over her forehead, bewildered. What was it—why could she not remember? Then the ticking of the clock on the mantel caught her ear—caught it strangely, and she listened, breathless, trembling; tick-tack, tick-tack—what did it mean?

Then slowly and softly a solemn voice fell on her inner ear: "Good-by, Dorrie; I love my life out to the last bitter second." Shotwell closed his eyes a few moments, then opening them, saw a face in the doorway gazing at him; to him it seemed the soul of Dorrie, come to say "good-by."

He was not afraid, hardly awed; it was not real; dying men's eyes are sometimes strangely clear; he noticed the hat, the coat; the face drawn with fearful anguish—sould did not look like that—it was Dorrie herself. A moment of wild joy was swallowed up in a still greater horror—"Dorrie!"—here, with that thing—Oh! God; this was worst of all—but her quick hands touched him, deftly undoing first the handcuffs that gagged him, then delicately slipping those fearful strings from his wrists.

"How long, Arthur?" she whispered. He glanced desperately at the clock. "Two minutes; don't stop to untie me; water, quick! There's a bucket; all it is at the tap; it's our only chance."

She comprehended instantly. Oh, how slow the water ran! She walked swiftly to the desk, took the box in her hands, placed it in and held it, trembling, as the water swallowed it, until there was a little rasping jar in the ticking. Shotwell drew one deep, long breath as he stooped over the girl and waited for what never came. One, two, three minutes passed; then, with a breath of half-fearful relief, he looked down at Dorrie. She was fast asleep, breathing in his arms and holding peacefully.

**SUPPOSE WE SMILE.**

**HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.**

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that Are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.

D'Auber—This is the landscape I wanted you to suggest a title for. Critick—"If not? Rather Impressionistic. Why not call it 'Home'?" D'Auber—"Home?" Why? Critick—"Because there's no place like it."—Philadelphia Press.

The Two Dear Friends. Nell—"While I was out walking with my pug dog today I met Mr. Jolly, and he said, 'Ah! Beauty and the beast'!" Belle—"The idea! Why, I don't consider pug dogs at all beautiful."—Philadelphia Record.

So Sudden! He (stoking)—Would you like to see me make a ring? Miss Hopeless—Oh! George, this is so sudden.

How It Happened. Edith—You say you were once in great danger while shooting in Georgia? I suppose you wounded a bear or some other dangerous animal? Cholly—None! I wounded a dog that the guide thought more of than he did of his mother!—Pack.

Scared Off. Dusty Roads—Why didn't you go up to that big home and get a handout? Hungry Hawkes—Why, I started for, but a minister lookin' guy gimme a tip not ter.



**So Sudden!**

Not Required. Hamlett—Has Wright's new play a villain in it? Egbert—No. The play itself is so villainous that a villain would be superfluous.—Chicago News.

She Would Have Had More. Wife—Seems to me that since we were married you might at least have doubled your income.

The Finish at Hand. Mrs. Chugwater—What do you buy such cheap shirts for? They are the most expensive in the end. They're all worn out after you have had them washed half a dozen times.

In the Other Life. "Haven't made much progress since yesterday, have you?" remarked the hare. "Gee whizz, but you're slow." "Yes," replied the tortoise, languidly; "that's so. I suppose if there's anything in that transmigration theory I must have been a messenger boy at one time."—Philadelphia Press.

Perfectly Safe Then. "I haven't heard of any of your guides being shot by hunters this year," remarked the amateur sportsman. "That's easily explained," replied the wise guide. "You see, when we go into the woods we attach antlers to our heads and make up to look like deer."—Philadelphia Press.

A Generous Hostess. "Our cook didn't break a dish while she lived with us; but we had to buy new ones when she left." "How was that?" "Oh, we think that every time any of her friends visited her she gave them souvenirs."—Detroit Free Press.

Queer Fellow. "Very fond of dress, isn't he?" "Yes, and in that respect he's the most peculiar fellow I know, most remarkable in fact." "Don't say so?" "Actually, why, he doesn't even kick when he has to spend his good money for a new pair of suspenders."—Philadelphia Post.

Extraordinary Kleptomaniac. One of the strangest cases of kleptomaniac ever brought to light was heard of in Paris. A certain lady had such a passion for smoking and for coloring meerschaum pipes that she had been for a long time stealing pipes of this description from shops. In the flat which she occupied there were found no fewer than 2,500 pipes, not one of which, it is believed, she had paid for. They were neatly arranged on racks, and thirty-five were well colored. The court before which she was indicted for some of the thefts would listen to no excuse, but sent her to prison for eight months.

Tips in Germany. The tip nuisance is even worse in Germany than in England or the United States, although the amounts expected are small. It is customary for household servants to receive gratuities from their employer's guests at luncheons, dinner parties, balls, receptions, and all other entertainments. If you accept the hospitality of a friend you are expected to tip his servants.

Test of Devotion. The man who is patient with a woman when she is sick can be relied upon to treat her all right when she is well.

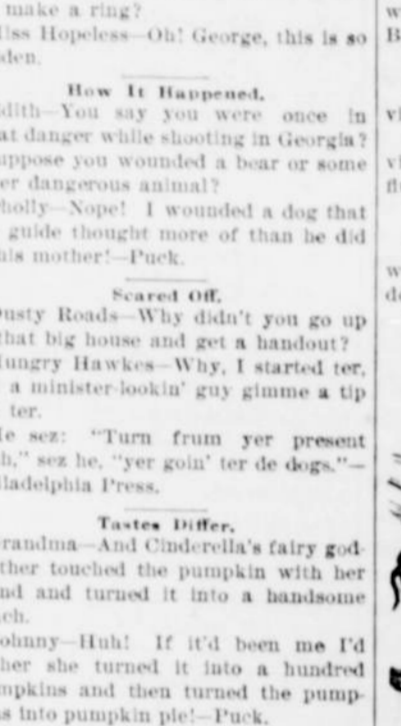


**MOCK TRIAL FOR WINTER EVENINGS.**

es are intentionally mirth-provoking and the stupidity of the Jurymen is meant to add to the fun.

Give Play for Dramatic Ability. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the mock trial is the fact that it gives opportunity for theatrical ability or the sensibility of the average person. Everyone likes dramatic opportunity if it is not overwhelming, as is so often the case with the out-and-out amateur theatricals. Everyone likes the play of imagination which the trial makes possible and the dramatic incidents which its development produces. As a spectacular performance it pleases the dramatic sense of everyday people without displacing their sense of congruity in their own actions.

Timber Increasing in Price. Product Becoming More Inaccessible and the Price More Costly.



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